

M. G. S. (McKen)

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SHADOWED!

OR, THE MOONSHINERS OF CAPITOL HILL.
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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

RELIEF in stricken Italy takes the form of reimbursing the individual for what he has lost; but nothing is given to the man without property, who, nevertheless, loses months of work and is compelled to eat up his savings, if he have any. Verily, from him that hath not shall be taken away! The creator visits calamity on a people with an impartial hand; should not man's relief be as impartial? But what is to be expected in a world where private property is a fetish, worshipped before God? There is much in the old saying, "God help the rich!—the poor can beg."

ASK BIG damages, Mr. President! Inasmuch as you say that the

World libelled the fair name of the American people, we are all of us plaintiffs. A victory for the administration, therefore, should have a *per capita* value of at least three cents.

DON'T OVERLOOK the elementary fact that the Secret Service "inquisition" can have no terrors for the honest Congressman.

AS A RESULT of his ride on the goat in an initiation ceremony recently, it is rumored that Governor Hughes will place all goats operating in New York State under the jurisdiction of the Public Service Commission. ACTION to restrain him will be taken by the various secret societies on the ground that the goat is not a common carrier.

SENATOR TILLEMAN may have exhibited ignorance of the true nature of the franking privilege by dead-heading a typewriter through the mails, but young Mr. Yates of Illinois tried to frank a Jersey cow once on a time.

THE American public does not care a whoop for the dignity of Congress. It has its own shrewd opinion of that body and it is not a very exalted one. Nine-tenths of the men who represent constituencies at the Nation's capital are shallow wind-jammers who owe their positions to political wire-pulling rather than fitness or ability. They seize upon any excuse that offers to delay action and avoid getting at such vital and real issues as require attention.—*The Bellman*.

Very well stated, and an excellent reflection of public opinion.

THE Montreal Board of Trade, with a solemnity characteristic of the jackass, has resolved against a winter carnival in Montreal, for fear outsiders shall get the idea that it is cold in Canada during the winter months. In Canada it is a capital offence to repeat Kipling's limerick about the small boy of Quebec who was buried in snow to his neck—

"When they asked,
'Are you friz?'
He replied, 'Yes, I is;
But we don't call this cold
in Quebec.'"

"THE INSTITUTION of private property, next to that of personal liberty, has had more to do with the progress of civilization, with the uplifting of the human race, than any other institution that we have in our community; but we have reached a time, etc."—*Mr. Tapp*.

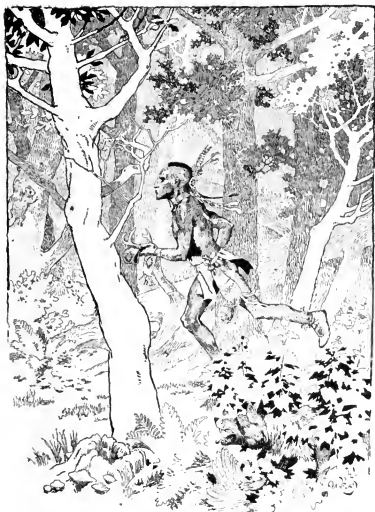
Can a nation get too much of a good institution? There seems to be a flaw somewhere in Mr. Tapp's logic.

IT MIGHT help some if a Secret Service man could be summoned into the sessions of the Rules Committee.

PRETTY soon the society dame who gives a dance for which the favors are less imposing than yachts and touring cars, will be regarded as a piker.



"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.



THE BEARER OF THE WAMPUM.



THE CHASER OF THE WAMPUM.

"THE INTEGRITY OF THE COURTS."

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—Eight years in prison for stealing eight copper cents from an Oakland store was the punishment dealt out to-day to George Gron, who with a companion entered the store. Gron pleaded guilty. This sentence is in startling contrast to a year and a half given to J. Dalzell Brown, who wrecked the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company and robbed 1,200 depositors of nearly \$9,000,000.—*The Sun*.

FROM THE AGONY COLUMN.

SINGLE LADY invites Exchange
For jewelry, laces, a morning gown,
And volumes of a poetic range.
Wants clothing suitable to go down
To business daily. Would join a class
To learn stenography. Answers to
To Chloe Heartbroke of Willow-Grass,
Lately of Arcady. Honeymoon Row.



A gentleman offers to sacrifice
Some furniture, with a double bed,
And a lounging jacket, used only twice—
A bargain for any about to wed.

Wants sporting implements. Kindly call
With guns or tackle or clubs to show,
On Strephon Heartbroke at Bachelor Hall,
Lately of Arcady, Honeymoon Row.

Layton Brewer.

THE PENNY SAVED.

THE Penny Saved was put in the Bank, the Old Broken Teapot having gone out of style. Here it presently overheard two voices talking.

"I want to borrow fifty million dollars to finance a candle trust!" said one voice.

"Glad to accommodate you!" said the other.

And the next the Penny Saved knew, it was going out into the channels of trade.

When the man to whom it belonged fell into sore need (he was a candle-maker and the trust crushed him out) and came to the Bank for his money, he was courteously informed that the institution had passed into the hands of a receiver and recommended to call again in a year or two and get his share of the assets, should there prove to be any.

R. B.



THE QUICKEST QUICK LUNCH.

DRILL MASTER (to the Sandwich Squad).—Raise sandwich to face! Bite! Bolt! And repeat! Snappy work everybody! Pie drill in thirty seconds.

Those who are the first to demand the right of free speech ought often, in justice to themselves, to be the last.

NOTES OF THE MAGAZINE WORLD.

THE Publishers of the *Outburst* announce that they have ordered ten thousand brand-new capital "I's" to be used as a substitute for the Editorial WE under the new dispensation.

The report that Vice-President Fairbanks on the expiration of his term of office is going to Asia to shoot Mongeese for the *Gastropolitan Magazine* at eight and a half cents a word lacks confirmation.

The *Ladies Home Journal* will start a new department next month entirely devoted to Cake Construction. It will bear the attractive title of "Boklet Eclaires," and will be edited by the Editor.

The public will be delighted to hear that a new joke has been secured for early publication in the Spring for the Editor's Pigeon-Hole in *Carper's Magazine*. Its authorship has not yet been disclosed, but it is believed to be from the pen of Ptolemy.

Mr. John D. Oilyfeller's Reminiscences will continue to appear in the *Woyld's Woyk* as heretofore. The next chapter will be entitled "Beginnings," and will be lavishly illustrated with half-tone photogravures of the first dollar Mr. Oilyfeller ever made, of which he still retains ninety-two cents, and a painting in crude oil of the original Relbate.

The April number of *Out-Of-Doors* will begin the Memoirs of Boni de Castellane who has lately made a deeply interesting study of outdoor life. The Editors of this clever periodical aver that the Count's story is one of the most tremendous bits of pathos that has ever come before the public.

The "Confessions of Carnegie," now

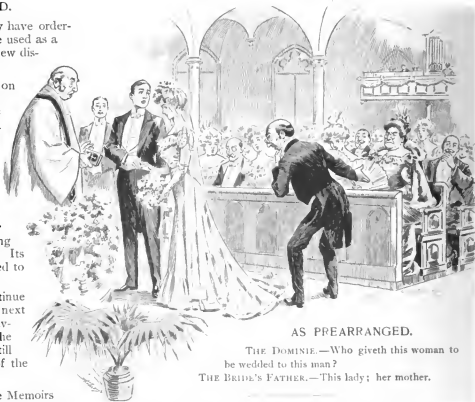
running in *Dick Watson's Magazine* will be devoted in the March Number to a consideration of the Evils of the Public Library. It will be quite as sensational as the same Author's memorable attack upon the Steel Tariff.

The *South American Review* will run a novel in Esperanto by Henry James during the coming year. It will be entitled "*Whjat Hjenry Knejev,*" and prizes will be offered to all readers who can translate it into English at sight, with a special prize to any subscriber who can tell what it is all about within six months of publication.

"The Diary of a Bar-Tender" in *McQueen's Magazine* has elicited such favorable comment from readers of that diverting periodical that the series will be continued and early numbers will contain "The Confessions of a Can-Rusher," "The Memoirs of a Mixer," "The Autobiography of an Eye-Opener," and "The Secret Sorrows of a Soak."

A children's Magazine has offered Mr. Thomas C. Platt ten dollars a word for "Stories of a Second-Childhood."

Sidney Deronda.



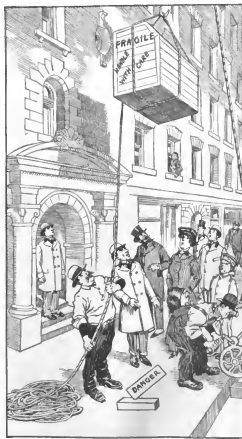
AS PREARRANGED.

THE DOMINIE.—Who giveth this woman to be wedded to this man?
THE BRIDE'S FATHER.—This lady; her mother.

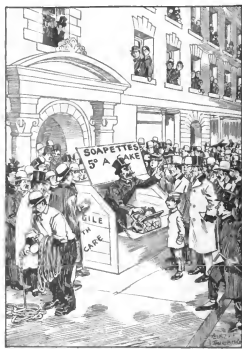
IT'S
A SHAME
TO DRAW
A CROWD;
IT'S
SO EASY,
WHEN YOU
KNOW



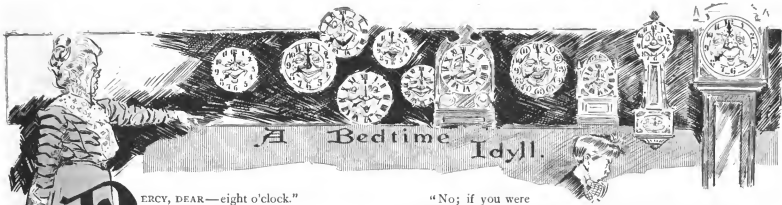
GOING DOWN.



ALMOST DOWN.



DOWN !!



A Bedtime Idyll.

PERCY, DEAR—eight o'clock."
 "Well, what of it?"
 "I'd say 'what of it?' if I were you. You know very well that eight o'clock is your bedtime and that when mother speaks you have to do as she says. Go right to bed."
 "Lester Jones doesn't have to go to bed until—"

"It doesn't make any difference to mother when Lester Jones goes to bed. She knows that her little boy has to go to bed promptly at eight o'clock, and that is all there is to it."

"Harry Pryce says that—"

"Mother doesn't care anything about what Harry Pryce says nor when he goes to bed. She knows that eight o'clock is your bedtime and that when she speaks you have to obey. Little boys can't keep strong and well and sit up late nights and—"

"Nine o'clock isn't 'late nights' and—"

"It is a whole hour later than I mean that you shall sit up, and you know me well enough to know that it is not of the least earthly use for you to try to argue the matter with me. When I say 'eight o'clock' I mean 'bedtime' and you know that—"

"When I'm a man I'll bet you that—"

"Percy, how often have I told you not to say 'I'll bet you?', I have forbidden you a dozen times to use that expression and you go right on using it exactly as if I had not spoken. Now, Percy you know perfectly well that when I say a thing I mean it and that if there is any one thing I insist upon more than another it is prompt and quiet obedience. Mother knows best what is good for her little boy and—what is that? Mother doesn't know everything? Percy, is that the way to speak to your own mother? Mother may not know everything, but she knows that eight o'clock is her little boy's bedtime and that he has to go to bed then, and here it is twenty minutes after eight and he hasn't even a shoe off. I want you to—"

"I'd like to know why I have to go to bed so soon and—"

"For the good reason that mother thinks that it is best for you to go to bed promptly at eight o'clock, that is why. And you have to go without any argument. Your mother is not one of these foolish mothers who argue with her children. When she speaks her children must obey, as you very well know, and—why don't you put down that book and get ready for bed?"

"I want to just finish this little bit of a story I am reading."

"You can finish it in the morning. Here it is almost half-past eight and nearly half an hour since I first told you to get ready for bed and not even a shoe unlaced or a button unbuttoned! When I was a little girl I had to go to bed when—"

"I'm not a little girl."

"No; if you were better and—why don't you put down that book and get ready for bed? You know very well that when mother speaks she—there! the clock is striking the half hour and you should be in bed and asleep at this moment. Percy, do you think for a moment that mother will permit her little boy to disregard her authority in this way? I was over to Mrs. Parker's house the other evening and I noticed that when she spoke to her Willie he obeyed instantly and—what is that? Willie Parker is the biggest chump you know? He is a good boy who minds his mother, that is what he is and I only wish that you were that kind of a 'chump,' as you call it, although I don't want you to use such words and have to tell you so fifty times. Now put down that book. You hear me? Very well. You know what it means when I speak, and you know that I never want to tell you but once to do a thing. Mother must and will be obeyed. The day will come when you will be glad that your mother taught you the duty and the beauty of prompt obedience, and—it hasn't come yet? Well, the day has come when you have to mind when you are spoken to, just the same and—"

"Bennie Tyler sits up until nine every night and—"

"What Bennie Tyler's mother is foolish to allow him to do is

nothing to me. I have my ideas and standards for the rearing of my children and they—will you look at that clock? A quarter to nine and eight o'clock exactly is your bedtime! Now, Percy, I mean to be firm and I don't mean to enter into the least argument with you. Once is enough for any mother to speak to a child, and here I have told you at least a dozen times to go to bed and there you sit as unconcerned as if I had not spoken at all. Now, young man, you are very much mistaken if you think that you can be indifferent to my authority in this way! You simply must go—to—bed! Percy!"

"Whacher want?"

"What do I want? As if I hadn't been telling you for nearly an hour what I want! Here it is just a few minutes of nine and—here comes your father. Now I guess you will stir yourself. Father, I wish that you would make Percy go to bed. It is long past his bedtime and there he sits so—"

"Percy! you hike off to bed this instant, young man, or you'll wish that you had!"

"Aha, Master Percy, so you are going to bed at once. The sooner you get to bed the better it will be for you! Little boys have to obey in this home!"

Max Merryman.



JUST BETWEEN LADY FRIENDS.

SADIE.—Say, honest now, do you like Maggie?

PAULINE.—Well—she's got a good heart—an' she

means real well, but—

SADIE.—Neither do I.

you learn that when father or mother speak to you you must obey instantly! the better it will be for you! Little boys have to obey in this home!"

A BROMIDE SQUELCHED.

"BETTER cut out the booze, old boy; there's nothing in it."
 "I imbibe for pleasure, not profit, m' friend."

After all, it is a robust culture which proves equal to the strain of putting on evening dress to sit down and listen to a mechanical piano-player.



SCENE—*Editorial sanctum, interior of tent pitched in the African jungle. Tropical flora visible through entrance in middle background. Improved desk in centre with large camera upon one corner; gun leaning against desk, chair. Signs of wild animals, trophies of the hunt, in great profusion, hung from top and sides of tent.*

TIME—*Early morning.*

DISCOVERED, ONE—*Editor seated at desk, busily writing. Secretary standing near.*

EDITOR (*looking up*).—Did you send that cablegram to Herbert Parsons, telling him I would consent to run for Senator in 1911?

SECRETARY.—Yes, Sir.

EDITOR.—And the one to Woodruff, telling him to deny absolutely the report that I was a candidate for the Senatorship?

SECRETARY.—Yes, Sir.

EDITOR.—*Very good. Here is another. Take this. (Dictates.)* "Taft, Washington: No, don't be too rash with the Tariff. Much splutter, little action, is the game. You know where the contributions came from." Send that by a courier at once.

(*Secretary rushes out. Editor seizes pen and writes furiously. Secretary returns greatly excited.*)

SECRETARY.—Sir, a tiger approach! (*Editor jumps from chair, grabs gun and dashes into the tropical flora. Secretary grabs camera and follows. Moment of suspense. Loud crashing through undergrowth. A shot is heard, then another. Re-enter both. Editor, in glee, displays impressive row of teeth.*)

EDITOR.—Brought him down all right. Flares gun in former position, turns to Secretary.) Did you get a good photograph?

SECRETARY.—Yes, Sir, a splendid one (*Editor smiles*) of the animal (*Editor frowns*).

EDITOR.—Of the animal? Well, try to get the hunter in next time (*resumes writing. Secretary sits down, takes letter from his pocket and begins to read. The only noise is the scratching of the pen, with occasional exclamations of satisfaction from the writer. Shouts outside. Attendant enters with cablegram.*)

ATTENDANT (*addressing Secretary*).—Cablegram, sir. (*Retires*).

EDITOR (*impatiently*).—Well, well! What is it? Read!

SECRETARY (*reading*).—"Foraker, in Senate speech, says this Administration, like last one, is a fake, that it abuses malefactors

but never injures them. Jack London out with a magazine story saying a certain eminent citizen is a fourfusser as a hunter. Iowa farmer's wife is the mother of triplets. Taft."

(*Editor paces from one end of tent to the other, waving both arms, his fists doubled.*)

EDITOR.—Here, take this: "Taft, Washington. Remove all Foraker sympathizers who hold Federal offices in Ohio. To prove Foraker false, instruct Attorney-General to bring suit against the Hatpin Trust. As to London story, tell Associated Press I killed a man-eating tiger shortly after sunrise to-day. Telegraph congratulations of Administration to Iowa farmer's wife; she is a desirable citizen." Give it to a courier at once.

SECRETARY.—Yes, Sir. (*Goes out. Editor seats himself at desk and writes rapidly for several minutes. Secretary re-enters, excited.*) Sir, an elephant approaches!

EDITOR (*grabbing gun and dashing out again, followed by Secretary*).—Hold the courier for an "add" to that cablegram, if he hasn't left yet! (*This time there are four shots. Editor and Secretary re-enter, the former with a broad smile, as before.*)

EDITOR.—"Add an elephant to that cablegram."

(*Secretary hurries out to obey. Editor seats himself at desk and writes. Secretary returns.*)

SECRETARY.—Sir, it is time for the regular morning photograph.

(*Editor lays down pen, draws gun toward him, and throws out chest. Secretary trains camera upon him. Camera clicks, and Editor returns to his writing. His pen moves without a halt for ten minutes. Then he folds several sheets into a bulky roll, rises and hands roll to Secretary.*)

EDITOR.—This is that article on "The Return to the Quiet of Private Life." Have it mailed to the Rev. Lyman Abbott, New York City, U. S. A. (*Sweeps all the papers off the desk, and raps upon it violently with his knuckles, bringing Attendant on the run. To Attendant*) Serve us here, please (*To Secretary*) Now, when we've had a little breakfast, we'll be ready to begin a real day's work.



"Sir, an elephant approaches."



The regular morning photograph.

IT IS TO SMILE.

IN WALKING through a train, a smile always relieves the tension of the moment—even if it is the train of your hostess' best dinner gown.

A smile is frequently used to conceal a vacuum. If it is a broad smile, however, it defeats its purpose.

If your newly married friends insist upon your holding the baby, grab the infant firmly by the back of the neck and smile. The parents will remove the child at once.

If your dinner partner is talking over your head, smile. He will probably grow uncomfortable immediately and change the subject.

If your rival appears to be cutting you out with the only girl, smile. This will rouse her suspicions at once and she will devote the rest of her time trying to find out who "that girl" is.

A smile is a handy thing to have around, even when it is as broad as it is long. It may square a long-standing grievance.

Barbara Blair.

THE BLACK PERIL.

HOW SHALL the white men save their faces,
Since Johnsing bruised his way to fame?
That we're among decadent races
Is something of a sin and shame;
The race that gave the world Leander,
A Cyrus and an Alexander,
No longer figures in the game.

The dead game sport, the sport Caucasian,
For withered honours vainly years;
No sophistry and no evasion
Can change the face of the returns;
The race that gave us Bob Fitzsimmons
The husked seems of naught but lemons,
Since Johnsing smothered Tommy Burns.

The great John L. delivers lectures,
And Corbett elevates the stage;
Jeff only fights in moving pictures,
And Jake Kilrain is bowed with age;
And so the coal black peril princes,
This product of the far Nyanzas,
And there is none to lift his gaze!

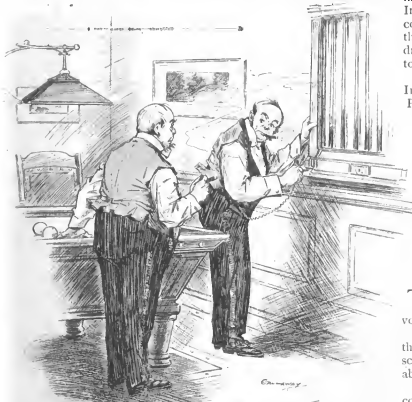
Walt Mason.



PRATTLINGS OF A PLAYWRIGHT.

EARLY in my dramatic career I had occasion to examine closely an acting version of "Ingomar, the Barbarian." This drama is founded on an old tale in which Thespis probably starred. I read it over many times, and it impressed me as containing all the material that a playwright needs. I adopted it as my model and I have clung to it ever since. I use no other.

My first success was a bucolic idyl entitled "Apple Siss." In this play I made Ingomar an honest, if uncultured farm hand, and Parthenia a farmer's daughter who had been away to a seminary. The first act revolved around a live pig, four live chickens, and a



TOOK HIS CUE.

THE GUEST.—Arrah, why do ye kape th' cues locked up, Dinny? Sure, this ain't no public parlor.

THE HOST (in a whisper).—Whisht! Wan night I come home a little late an' th' good wife found a cue handier than th' broomstick!



AN EGYPTIAN FRIEZE.

live book-agent thrown in for comedy relief. In the second act, all hands ate a meal in full view of the audience, with the usual papier-mâché turkey as the principal dish, and in the third act I had a snow-storm. I wanted, as a novelty, to cut the snow-storm loose in the dining-room scene, but my producer preferred to tried and true situations. He was doubtless right. As it was, we had as neat a barnyard drama as one could wish for. It is still touring the out-lying provinces.

My next effort was a society drama in which Ingomar figured as a pork-packer, and Parthenia as an emotional society woman of the pre-18-school. It was not an epoch-making affair, but it played to paying business for two seasons.

In the early '90's, if you remember, the military play was all the go. "Shenandoah" and "Held by the Enemy" were the leaders. I fell into line with Parthenia as a Southern girl and Ingomar as a Northern captain of cavalry. Of course, I introduced the customary accessories, the courtly callid butler, and the cotton-field drop. This play wrote itself. It was a shame to take the royalties.

When the Western drama came along, Ingomar made a cracking good miner, with Parthenia as a New England schoolmarm. Easy? Figure for yourself.

They're a great pair to draw to. I have utilized them in modern society drama with a monkey dinner, in college plays, in farce, in extravaganza, in tank drama, in straight comedy, in 57 varieties of melodrama, and in comic opera. They have served me well. I have never had a failure with them. I have never used any other material and I never shall.

Will S. Adkins.



REVELATION.

When Phyllis passed me in her
health,
It really made me grit my teeth—
I've ever been her ardent wooer,
But Gee! There isso little to her!

A SOCIETY COMPOSITION.

THE professor seated himself arly at the piano and announced in a far-away voice: "Song mitoudt vordis."

He rendered a few dreary chords; and then Bertie Flippe told Mrs. Dashileigh a screaming story and a bunch of debutantes in the corner quarreled about the handsome villain at the Minnie.

The professor roused. "Song mit vordis—lots of vordis," he corrected.

THE PEOPLE—OH, GEE!

"**T**HE American people —," began the new United States Senator; but the presiding officer rapped him to order. "The Senator will confine himself to matters of interest to this body."

The Senate then went into committee of the whole for the consideration of the anticipated size of dividends from their holdings for the coming year.

Dressing dolls has become the serious business of a great many people, but especially of American men.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE MAN HIGHEST UP.
THE OLD-TIME DEFENSES NO LONGER DEFEND HIM.

THE PAINT PRESS

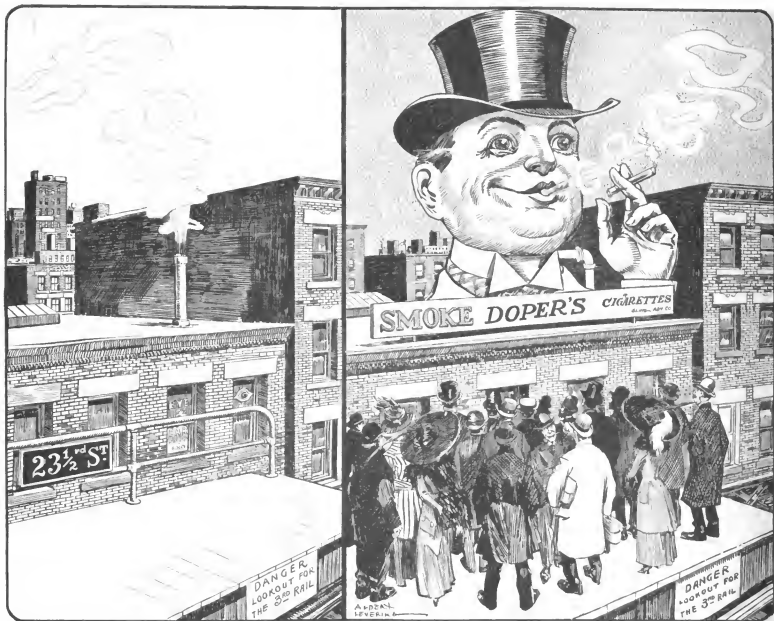


THE MAN HIGHEST UP.

THE OLD-TIME DEFENSES NO LONGER DEFEND HIM.



PUCK



THE EXHAUST STEAMPIPE.

SOUP IS NOT THE ONLY THING IT CAN BE MADE TO ADVERTISE.



MR. MORIARTY, my paper has decided that all the publicity should not go to actors. As a representative hodcarrier, we want you to tell the public something about your profession and yourself.

"But —"

"No undue modesty now. How did you happen to become a hodcarrier?"

"Why, I hardly know. I used to watch buildings in process of construction."

"Process of construction. Go on."

"One day I saw a hodcarrier fall on the seventh story."

"And, as he started on his downward trip, you applied for his job?"

"Something of the sort. At any rate, I have been carrying a hod ever since."

"What goes to make up a successful hodcarrier?"

"Scand nerves—and a pair of overalls, of course."

"How about personal characteristics? What do you eat?"

"Oh, I occasionally trifle with some corn beef and cabbage, or toy with a little tripe."

"Toy with a little tripe. The remuneration?"

"Is not startling. Still —"

"Art for art's sake, as the saying goes, and all like that."

"Quite so. Why, I have worked on buildings where the mortar was composed principally of coal ashes and ditch water, but we made it stick."

"Mr. Moriarty, I am very much obliged to you for this interview."

"You needn't mention it, I'm sure."

"Good day, Mr. Moriarty."

"Good day, sir." And thereupon passed out. *Will S. Adams.*

ARCHITECTURAL ITEM.

RELECTIVE MATRON. — It's queer, isn't it, what names they select for apartment buildings? Now, there's the Garfield, the McKinley Court, The Roosevelt, Lincoln Court—all in our city. I suppose the next will be The Taft.

HUBBY.—Oh, The Taft would be all right, provided, of course, it had a bay-window in front.

MY WIFE went on an exploring expedition through my pockets. "Did she gather enough material for a lecture?"



However, it is perhaps too much to expect that Nature will be as attractive to all of us as she is to those who make money writing her up.

ROSENBERG.

Rosenberg, he knew a girl
 Und I dit know her too;
 She used to make dose coo-coo eyes
 Dot made my heart choo-choo.
 But Rosenberg made twenty-five
 Und I earned twenty-three;
 Site soon found out Rosenberg
 Was gettink more dan me.

Rosenberg, he got dot girl
 Und married her von day;
 It made me feel quite plue of course
 To loose der girl dot vay
 Rosenberg, he kind of shmidled;
 I knew as well as he
 Dot William Randolph Rosenberg
 Vas gettink more dan me.

Der time vent pie, und vone fine day
 Sir Rosenberg valked in;
 His cheeks vere not so rosy
 Und he seemed to look quite tin;
 His hat came off, his head was bald;
 I cried aloud mit glee,
 "I see, der Mr. Rosenberg,
 You've gettink more dan me."

Dot's years ago; und yesterday
 He crossed my path agin,
 "How many iss it, Rosenberg?"
 He slowly vispered, "Ten."
 I shook his hand, vee had a drink,
 Den parted, me and he.
 It always seemed dot Rosenberg
 Vas gettink more dan me.

J. Edgar Dawson.



SAFE AT LAST.

LEZZ! Mush! Mush on! Mush on!"
 The leader of the dog-team surged in the rawhide collar and the tired team behind hauled the sled a bit faster over the firm, white snow beneath the Arctic twilight.

The fur-clad figure clinging to the gee-pole and cracking the walrus skin whip followed with faltering steps, leg weary from heavy snow-shoes. With the frost white on his beard; face and figure swathed in furs you would never have known this man as a prominent public official from a far southern state. Ever and anon he gazed back over his shoulder, his tired and red rimmed eyes searching the faint trail he and the dogs and the sled were leaving.

"Allez! Allez! Mush!" he shrieked as a dark spot appeared far behind. The man did not know it was only a black fox attracted by the scent of meat.

The dog team swung down a bluff and out on the white surface of a great lake. The stunted trees ended with the shore and ahead lay the Land of Little Sticks.

In the corner of a small ledge of rocks the official was seated by a glowing fire. He was watching the trail no more for it was snowing and no man knew nor could find the way he had come. Half buried in the snow the tired dogs slept, well fed and content.

"At last!"
 "At last," muttered the office holder as he lighted a second pipe, "I have found one place where a man holding public office can escape buying tickets for every church fair and festival, every lodge and labor event and every public entertainment in the city. Here my fortune and peace of mind are safe. I'll stay right in this spot until my term expires."
Shaffer.

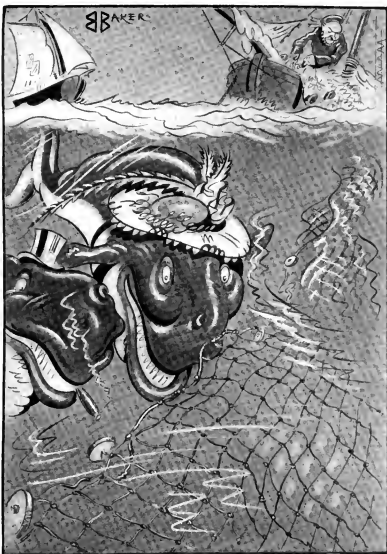
THE GAME.

"WHAT is the tariff situation?"
 "The manufacturers stand pat, the consumers want five cards, and the legislators have cold feet."

DOESN'T ATTRACT.

PELEG HAWVONS we ain't had no cold weather to speak of since he bought a thermometer.

"Well," declared Deacon Cripes, "Peleg oughter know that a thermometer won't act like a lightning-rod."



THE GENUINE FISHNET.

MRS. WHALE.—Oh, George! I must have a veil off that! I wonder how much it is a yard?

RELIGION.

A GLOW of fervent enthusiasm overspread the face of the Institutional Rector as he arose to address the Institutional Vestrymen.

"By divine grace I am permitted to report a wonderful year of progress in the parish," he said, beaming upon them. "Never has a church made such strides. We are first in athletics, military, pic-nics, politics, drama, clubs and cookery."

"The older members of the congregation have developed the Institutional idea of the Social Circle until not one among them is deficient in bridge or gossip."

"In our Sunday Afternoon Sisterhood of Young Girls, formerly known as Class B, extraordinary advance has been made in drawing-room culture; and in the annual tournament for all-comers, one of our dear girls won the prize for simultaneously pouring tea, scattering conversation, nibbling sandwiches, and balancing a cup and saucer between two fingers while walking gracefully back and forth across a polished floor."

"Our boys have displayed marked evidence of proper religious training since the Sunday school was transferred from the church to our newly-acquired stadium in the country. The classes in fancy diving, wrestling and discus hurling are particularly to be commended."

"Success has attended our clubs for Deserted Divorces, Tenement Toilers and Scared Spinners."

"In short, Institutionalism has triumphed!"

"Let me add that the indoor pulpit work of the church is satisfactory. We have discovered that one sermon in each month, with the exception of the vacation period from May to October, meets the demand."

NOT SMOOTH ENOUGH.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Mr. Wyde N. Woolly is a most estimable young man, my daughter. Why won't you accept him? He is a diamond in the rough.

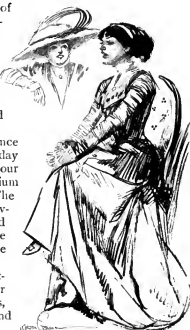
DAUGHTER (*perfly*).—Because I don't care to do the polishing.

DISCRETION.

DIVES had made himself very wealthy by oppressing his neighbors, and the latter, grown poor concurrently, were wont to gather at his gate each morning to clamor for bread.

But Dives, though touched, did not lose his head.

"I mustn't make paupers of these unfortunates!" he exclaimed, and was universally applauded for his discretion when he offered to give a stone, provided the beneficiaries of his bounty first got another stone elsewhere.



FAR AS HE GOT.

HELEN.—Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him.
 MYRTLE.—Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something.

G.



White-Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

New ready, 1900 edition of the famous "Fichard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1900. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 20c. Address White-Rock, Baltimore, Md., New York City.

"Do you think we ought to have a bigger army and a larger navy?"
 "Oh, yes," replied the beautiful girl. "It would be so nice if all the boys at the dances could appear in uniform, with epaulettes and braided collars."—
Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. BLUNDER has just received a telegram from India. "What an admirable invention the telegram is!" she exclaimed, "when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."—*Tit-Bits.*



THE MAIN POINT.

ARTIST.—I caught your expression happily, don't you think?
 MRS. COHENSTRIN.—Lofely! But don't you think you could make those tiamont earrings a little larger.

If you have a sluggish appetite in the morning, try half a grape-fruit, adding sugar to suit the taste, and a teaspoonful of Abbott's Liver-Salt. Nothing better.

A PASTORAL.

The sun was rising in the west, and shed its beams on Cedarcrest, where pensive goat and sportive cow were perched upon the cedar bough. There Frank McLennan watched his flocks, and slugged the gentle sheep with rocks, and drove his hens to lakelet's brim that they might dive and bathe and swim. The pigs were climbing elms and firs, the hired men gathered cockleburs; a doctor passed on horse's back, and all the ducks called loudly "Quack!" The fruit tree agent asked to stay, all night; the horses whinnied "Neigh!" Peace hovered o'er the prairie wide; the cattle lowed, the horses neighed; and sounded through the village smoke, the bark of watchdog, elm, and oak; and he who owned these rustic smokes had seled down his farm to beans.—*Walt Mason, in Emporia Gazette.*

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 "The Original Egyptian"

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"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win."

One cake of Pears' con-vines.

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Mrs. X. (*away from home*).—John, did you leave out anything for the cat before you started?
 Mr. X. (*who dislikes the beast*).—Yes, I left a can of condensed milk on the table, with the can opener beside it.—*Boston Transcript.*

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- SHORT SIXES.**
 Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.
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"My dear friend, I beg you to lend me fifty dollars," wrote a needy man to an acquaintance, "and then forget me forever. I am not worthy to be remembered."—*Philippines Gossip.*

"Old Cosh landed in this country in his bare feet, ten years ago. Now he's got millions."

"You don't say! Why, he's got a centipede skinned to death, hasn't he?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

"A MAN recently found nine pearls in an oyster stew, but the hot milk had ruined their value."

"These get-rich-quick schemes never pan out. Now if he had found nine oysters, he would have had something."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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CIGARETTES

Anywhere and everywhere, they're always the proper thing to smoke.

CAMBRIDGE *the regular size* AMBASSADOR *after-dinner size*

In Little Brown Boxes.

"SPEAKING of poetry, does the modern school make us think?"

"Well, it makes us hustle for the dictionary, that is, those of us who have any curiosity at all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LEADING TRAGIC MAN.—Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house!

STAGE MANAGER.—Yes, they knew you weren't really dead.—*Tie-Bits.*

WHALE.—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home?

JONAH.—I don't know. I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—*The Bohemian.*



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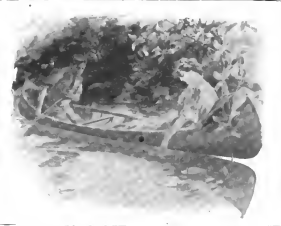
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"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Judge a Shaving Stick by its lather. That's the crucial test that proves the supremacy of Williams'.

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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
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Sole Agents for United States.

AN ERUDITE CONSTRUCTION.

"What do you understand by this talk of 'possum as an emblem for the President-elect?" asked the Boston girl.

"Why," answered the Atlanta girl. "Don't you know what a 'possum is? Some people regard it as a great delicacy."

"Oh! Something to eat! How disappointing. I supposed it was the Latin word 'possum,' meaning 'I am able or competent.'" — *Washington Star.*

FORWARDED.

TESS.—Did Mr. Borem ever call on you?

JESS.—Yes; he called last evening. I was quite delighted when the girl brought up his card.

TESS.—Oh! come now; you weren't really delighted.

JESS.—Certainly. You see, if she hadn't brought up his card, I might have gone down to him, thinking it was some one else. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

PROSPERITY FOR HIM.

"Prosperity is on the way," volunteered the grocer as he put his hand on the scales with the liver.

"You should say," corrected the observant customer, "Prosperity is in the weigh." — *Houston Post.*

QUITE SO.

"The time, the place, and the girl. How seldom we see them together."

"And another rare combination is the man, the scheme, and the coin." — *Washington Herald.*

CERTAIN THINGS HAPPEN SUDDENLY.

"Dubley has an automobile, hasn't he?"

"I don't know."

"Why, I thought you told me you saw him with one yesterday."

"Yes, but that was yesterday." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

"This stove," said the clerk to his Irish customer, "is the best stove in the house. It is the stove of economy. It saves half the coal bill."

"Give me two of them," replied the Irishman. — *Success.*



ENGAGED.

MERCHANT.—So you want a job as office boy, eh? Any previous experience?

BOY.—No, sir. I don't know how to do anything in an office.

MERCHANT.—I guess you won't do—

BOY.—I don't even know how to whistle.

MERCHANT.—Hang up your hat. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

CLERK.—But you just bought this novel and paid for it.

CUSTOMER.—Yes.

CLERK.—Then why do you wish to return it?

CUSTOMER.—I read it while waiting for my change. — *Cleveland Leader.*

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good
old
RED
TOP
RYE

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MISTRESS.—Now, Mary, you will have three extra to cook for to-night, as I expect company, and after you have washed the dinner dishes, I want you to sprinkle the clothes and do a little ironing.

MARY.—Yis, mum; wid pleasure, mum.

If you would enjoy a genuine luxury try a fruit cocktail—Abbott's Bitters, grape fruit, sugar to suit taste.



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Is A Bottled Delight
—a mixed-to-measure blend of fine old liquors aged to a wonderful mellowness. Once drink CLUB COCKTAILS and you'll never want the guess-work kind again.

Martini (du base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular. Get a bottle from your dealer.

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SCATTERING.

"There is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question," said one statesman.

"Yes," answered the other. "We're liable to put in so much time standing around talking on both sides of it that we never get to the question itself."—*Washington Star.*

"MARRY ME," exclaimed the wretch, pointing his revolver at the trembling maiden, "or s'death!"

"Mercy," she faltered, "I will, I will."

"Ha," chuckled the villain, "love at first sight."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HOT TALK.

NAGGET.—I hear she rejected you. T'll bet you felt foolish about that time.

LOVETT.—Yes, I guess I felt just as foolish at that time as you look all the time.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A SUITABLE TEST?

"Now the officers of the navy are up for a test."

"What do they have to do?"

"Dance ten miles, flirt ten miles, and talk small talk for four hours continuously."—*Washington Herald.*

PARTY CALLER.—Is Mrs. X at home?

Yes, sir.

Will you er-please leave my card on the table?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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A MECHANICAL TOY.

Mary had a little lamb
When Christmas came around.
It ran on wheels
At Mary's heels,
When it was nicely wound.

But it was tinkered with too much
By Mary's clumsy dad.
And Mary's sire
Reinforced to wire
The lamb that Mary had.
—*Washington Herald.*

FAIR AMERICAN (to officer wearing P. C. J.)—Say, how did you get that elegant little cross?
V. C.—O, I dunno. Pullin' some silly-rotter out of a hole.
—*Punch.*

Evans' Ale

L

EAVES a pleasant taste as well as a pleasant memory

Promotes the cheerful life.



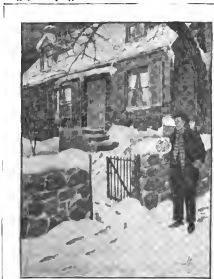
THE BRIGHT SIDE.

YOUNG STAGEBOORE.—How was your tour, Kamingham?
TRAGEDIAN.—Not so bad, I' faith! Not so bad! True, for an extended period the ghost did not walk, but during that time the Sheriff grew tired of walking, and we lost him.

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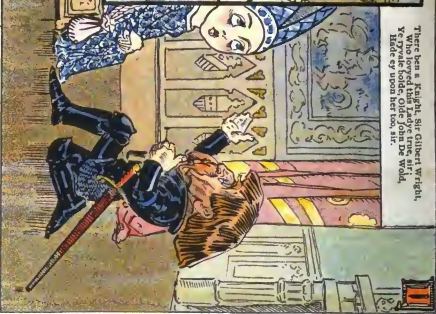
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I
A woman, named, Aithin, right here,
In London, lower didd'le-diddle,
A maid of honor of Minnie's, we could be,
As a woman, named, Aithin, right here.



II
Sir Gilbert Wright, the buckles w-right,
-White John the World made named Code,
Aid drive out of hand.



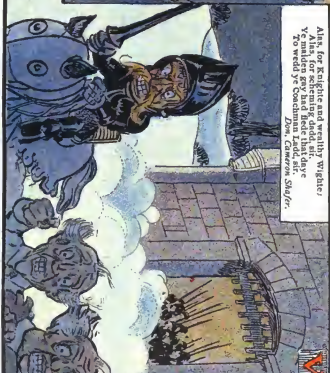
III
There was a Faith, Sir Gilbert Wright,
Who loved old Jack, the man, the old,
Who loved old Jack, the man, the old,
Who loved old Jack, the man, the old.



IV
Ye't times were bid, ye' Ladger' died,
Averged white, Job, the word, all, ride-
To a thousand pounds, all bid, all,
A thousand pounds, all bid, all.



V
All ye' dink a right, not Sir, Clit, w-right,
White rince men, at been, Hain,
Ye' fact, y' some, rinde to be, in.



VI
Ain't, for Benjies and wrighty Wight,
Ye' mangle, god, had, bid, that, day,
To wend, ye' Coed, and, Dow, Cawson, Slit,
To wend, ye' Coed, and, Dow, Cawson, Slit.

THE ANCIENT
TWOVENTAYLS